THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE

The Great School of Lyric and Drawatte Art Where Got and Massenet Teach. LONDON, Jan. 13.-The new year has

brought more than the customary contingent new plays, comedies, farces or dramas, and the concert and oratorio season bids fair to set in with its usual severity. The matinde system for the introduction of a new dramatic work or the debut of an actor has become an habitual thing. Before an actor can expect to be in the evening bills he must pay from £75 to £100 to get a hearing. This first unremunerative outlay, with its doubtful results, does not nowadays deter playwrights, even those who have already made some mark in their profession. They know that it is their only chance of coming before the public by the flat of managers, but their greatest drawback is that they give admittance to the boards to a number of crude performers who make of a paying spectacle a mere apprenticeship for their maiden efforts. At those matinées, more particularly, the in-telligent and experienced spectator is confirmed in an opinion which the inefficiency of many of the characters in other performances had already accredited; namethat in order to educate, direct, and tame so much well-meant but deficient en-ergy it should be made imperative for the ool of their art; that the tyros should be made to spell before they read; to train voice, gesture, and pose; to learn to walk, sit, listen, and be silent before they attempt n public the higher reaches of their art. As a matter of fact, since the theatres multiply, the audiences swell, the plays become more numerous, the members of the dramatical and lyrical careers more importunate for good parts. England should have its Lyric and Dramatic Conservatory. Till such an institution exists, with its stringent rules, its perfect training, and higher artistic aims, the average of performers, the generality of companies, the level of acting, save in the case of a few bright particular stars, will to a critical and impartial judge remain below that of other countries, and thus newcomers who have no further diploma than their ambition or their vanity.

The Conservatoire of Paris is situated at the

angle of the Faubourg Poissonnière and the Bergère. It is a large square construction of mean aspect and uninteresting architecture. and of a lonely and deserted appearance. Pushing open a door, which is always ainr, and passing under a dark, chilly, vaulted passage, a yard is reached, bare of trees, grass, or shrubs, a dreary, gravelled square between four walls. At certain hours the most unearthly sounds strike terror to the visitor's ears. The pupils are taking their singing lessons. servatoire consists of four separate buildings. façade is occupied by the apartments M. Ambroise Thomas, the director, and by the Secretary. On the left are the class rooms for harmony, declamation, and composition, as well as the hall set apart for the audition of applicants: on the right the concert hall form-ing a distinct corps de logis near the museum

well as the hall set apart for the audition of applicants; on the right the concert hall forming a distinct corps de logis near the museum and library.

The organization of the Conservatoire is extremely simple. The administration decides upon the administory measure each professor is absolute master in his class room; he has the unquestioned control over the lectures, teaches after his own method, and cannot be called away on any pretence even by the superintendent. The office of this last-named functionary is by no means a sinceure. He has to watch over all the establishment, maintain order, exact a combiliance with the rules and regulations, prevent clandestine whisperings and surreptitious intrigues, and in that capacity finds himself in occult warfare with all the pupils whose object it is to clude and vex him.

The present superintendent, who has been lately appointed, has not as yet an accepted reputation, but his prodecessor was a character. It is not likely that M. Ternusse's memory will soon be forgotten in the Conservatoire, over which he reigned during fifteen years. Short and stout, with tousled hair and a thick beard, plercing eyes and a stentorian voice, he was ublquitous and despotic. He was ever on the alert to surprise a meeting or a stolen interview in a dark passage. The least noise in the class rooms attracted him, and he appeared on the scene as if by magic to restore order. Ternusse was a painter. During his holidays he spent long hours at the Louvre copying the classical palattings, and on his return would bring several pictures and put them up for a lottery. No one was undiplomatic enough not to take a fitty-centime ticket. He had dreams of reorganizing the Conservatoire on a new basis. He wanted to purchase some adjacent houses and convert them into a "theatre of application," but, notwithstanding his pertinacity in explaining his plans and the adhesion they sometimes met with he never succeeded in seeing them carried out.

In each class there are two kinds of pupils, those entered on tration, with the exception of the lectures on the history of music and of dramatic litera-ture, to which all are admitted on presentation of a special card.

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The auditions are held in a small hall on the first floor, capable of holding from 300 to 400 people, with a pit and two rows of boxes—there is not a single window. The stage is slightly raised and reached by steps. There, also, are held the cours of musical and dramatic history. The most important of all the cours are those on musical composition, counterpoint, and lugue. They are given by three professors—Massenet, duissaud, and Leo Delibes—who each give two lessons a week. The former is the first master of the new school admitted into the home of classical tradition. His cours lasts two hours: he holds it in a room of moderate dimensions, soarsely furnished with an Erard plane, a blackboard, near which is his arm-chair, a table surrounded by ten or twelve pupils, and beyond some forms for the auditors, averaging about twenty-five. When the master discourses, all the young beople hang on his words; at times he fancies that he has not been thoroughly understood, and he darts to the plane and begins to play the obscure passage with the delicate artistic refinement so characteristic of his compositions. On these occasions all the pupils rise, those on the further seats stand on the benches bending eagerly forward over their companions' heads, and Ternusse, whose quick ear had caught the unusual commotion, would softly open the door and look in uneasily. Once or twice Massenet, perceiving him, called out, to the exquisite delight of the class: "Ome along. Ternusse, and speat the lesson on the blackboard." To his favorite pupils he gives an extra lesson on Bundays at his own residence, and generally on crohestration.

Their loctures are given in a special hall provided with a plain rudimentary and faulty by three professors—Got. Delaunay, and faulty and perfection in his own in a special particle of the professor talks gayly, chaffs the absentees, and not unf

with the allegro to a rapid but not hurried fibale.

Delaunay has less yigor and more femininity. The jeans premier, whose eternal youth made him for forty years the most fascinating of stage lovers, leaves his pupils little initiative and in his keep desire to inoculate them with his qualities he has sometimes given to them only his defects magnified by their own inferiority to the muster's talent. He is fond of hearing his own voice, and narrates ancedotes that have little in common with the subject of his lesson, but enable him to make piquant and not always charitable commensury upon his former comrades. His best pupils have been Mile, Muller and M. Le Bargy.

Maubaret is a conscientious, painstaking thorough master, but he lacks the oratorical facility of his colleagues, and when carried away by his earnestness loses all command of language. He is reported to have once given the following direction: Threaten him with the hear of the language into him.

with the other." Heroic is his favorite adjective, which does not prevent him from being superby when he acts D-n Diegus. Ruy Gomes, or the Ghost in Hamlet.

Another remarkable individuality of the Paris Conservatoire is M. Obin, the professor of opera. Notwithstanding his great age, he is as energetic and active as a young man. He stages, according to his views, whole acts of operas more minutely than they are ever done at the National Academy of Music. He sings all the parts—tenors, baritones, basses, and even sorrance. He hops from one side of the stage to the other, taking his own cue, and, turning his back to the audience, will drop on his knees and pour forth the air of "Grace, Grace" in Robert le Diable with poignant despair. No one has ever been known to smile at M. Obin's performances. He is exceedingly violent when excited, hurling volleys of injurious epithets at a pupil for a false note, and even once aiming an inkstand at an offender which struck Tornusse, who had just slipped in to see what was the matter.

There are eight professors of singing at the Conservatoire, eleven of plane, one of organ, six of violin, two of violoncelle. All the other orchestral instruments are taught each by a professor, all men of established talent and reputs. Both Joachim and Rubinstein have conlessed that in no other country is the teaching body so good in its entirety as in Paris.

The most attended lectures are undoubtedly those of M. La Pommeraye on dramatic literature; more pretty faces are seen on the benches and more flirations carried on in the hall than at any others. The Professor is indulgent, deeming perhaps the scenes thus privately acted as more interesting to his audience than the most thrilling plays of the Comédié Française.

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The aim of the Conservatoire is not only to foster talent, but to place mediocrity on its level, and eliminate from the profession those whose incapacity is patent, and who attempt to trade on the paying public by the audacity of their pretensions, or the doubtful celat of some social success or fashionable scandal. On the other hand, all support and encouragement is given with first-rate teaching, and the best opportunities to those whose vocation, if modest, is serious, and who are not rebutted by the arduous studies and long training required to make such actors as those who, having for years been the idols of the public, are yet willing to lead others into the path they have so gloriously trodden.

M. DE S.

MOR. O'REILLY ON THE STATE OF FRANCE

Disculties of the Republic-Hopes of President Carnot,

Paris, Jan. 12.—The French Chambers have just met while public opinion is not a little excited over two very important matters. One of these is the almost rebellious attitude of the Paris Municipal Council toward the Government. The communistic majority in that fractious body have gone so far in making themselves independent and supreme, that they have relieved of the burden of taxation no less than 600,000 heads of families, tonants, and fetty proprietors within the city limits; but they have thrown on the remaining rich or conservative minority all the cost of the municipal administration. Besides, they are openly organizing and arming forces of their own, which are to uphold the new Commune the moment it deems fit to proclaim its sovereignity.

The other incident, which happened but yes terday, is the suspension, by a decree of President Carnot, of M. Vigneau, the Judge who made himself so conspicuous in fixing upon Mr. Wilson, ex-President Grévy's son-in-law. the offence of trafficking in the much-coveted distinction of the Legion of Honor. This punshment inflicted on a member of the magistracy has called forth passionate censure or energetic protests from both the Radical and the Conservative journals. The Figure (a Bonapartist organ) says in this morning's issue that M. Carnot's decree is a measure of "extraordinary severity, and absolutely without precedent." The Figure, however, in another part of its long article, goes on to demonstrate that M. Vigneau in order to obtain against Mr. Wilson all the damaging evidence he could, did not disclain to play the part of a detective. All this, in the present precarious position of the new President and his Government, is very unfortunate, and forebodes a recurrence of the very same difficulties which compelled the resignation of President Grévy, and brought the nation to the verge of another red revolution.

In my conversations with eminent and most enlightened personages since my arrival here, I have learned many things about M. Carnot, which induced me to hope that the French republic was going to enter on a new phase. A Government commanding in the Legislature a good working majority would have before it a space of at least seven years to develop the country's magnificent resoulces, to strengthen the position of France among the great powers, and to win for its free institutions the confidence and support of all the conservative elements in the population.

Yesterday I had the honor of making the acquaintance of M. Claudio Janet, whose book on American Democracy has acquired him a world-wide fame. He is an enlightened and hearty admirer of the United States. Quite recently he journeyed through our country, seeking for information at the very best sources. He is, therefore, a philosopher whose judgment on our people and institutions can be relied upon. He told me that he had purchased for his oldest son a ranch in Dakota Territory, and instructed him to take out at once his naturalization papers. M. Janet, who is a fervent Christian and one of the lights of the Catholic University of Paris, is a type of the good men and true (and they count by the tracy has called forth passionate censure or energetic protests from both the Radical and

they count by the hundred thousand) who would fain place at the command of a wise and conservative republican government here their head and heart and hand. We talked much about public education in the United States, about the social question, and the workings of the Knights of Labor and other kindred societies. I gave him all the knowledge I could about the real causes of the present trouble among the Knights, We both agreed that Cardinal Gibbons had pursued a wise course in endeavoring to prevent action in the Court of Rome unfavorable to the rights of the laboring classes. On this very matter, as I learn from good authority, the indetatigable Leo XIII. Is preparing an encyclical letter clearly defining the respective rights and duties of capital and of labor. We were all taken by surprise the other day when, in the very midst of the laborious preparations of the Papal jublies, appeared the admirable encyclical to the Bishops of Bavaria. Touching every chord in the national heart, the Pope recalls the past Christian glories of the kingdom, its princes, and its people; and then sketches out with a masterly hand the course which the Bishops, working in union with the Government, must follow to raise the education of the Bavarian population and of their religious guides to the highest degree of scientific and practical perfection. There is an appeal, full of tact and conciliatory eloquence, to the rulers themselves, which points to a coming Concordat Letween Bavaria and the Holy See.

Ireland, meanwhile, is not forgotten. Mr. Giadstone is now in Rome, whither he went at the express invitation of the Holy Father. The Grand Old Man and the great Pope are both in their 78th year. They are both endowed with the qualities of head and heart which can draw them to each other; and they both dearly love Ireland and deeply sympathize with her in her present dreadful extremity. If anything were needed to confirm the confidence Irishmen have in the inviolable friendship toward themselves and their country of the Vicar of Ch

Leo XIII. beyond measure.

I can only bild them wait and hope, as I do myself, with a trustfulness which every passing day increases.

One other acquaintance that I have made here, and which seems like the meeting with a brother from whom I had long been separated, is that of Monsignor Rotelli, the Pope's Nuncle or Ambassador near the French republic. He is a native of Perugia, was in his 12th year in 1846, when Leo XIII. then Nuncio at Brussels, was appointed Bishop of the Umbrian capital. The boy, who was a student in the dicessan college school or seminary, soon attracted the notice of the new Eishop, who encouraged and developed all his shining qualities. During thirty-two years Monsignor Rotelli was thus the special object of Cardinal Pseci's fatherly care and assiduous culture. "He ordained me priest," the Nuncio said to me, "placed me priest," the the difficult position which I now hold." Monsignor Rotelli resembles in more than one way the great Pope who has so tenderly reared him. There is in him the same exquisite literary culture, the same careful canonical and theological training, the same admirable diplomatic tact, the same wonderful self-control, and the same lofty character and unblomished life.

From him I learn much of the nersonal virtues and qualities of the Pope. This forms a strong bond between the illustrious churchman and diplomatist and the humble biographer.

Monsignor Rotelli is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States. He speaks a little English and is very anxious to improve in his practical knowledge of that tongue. He also takes especial pleasure in receiving and conversing with Americans.

Should he—s thing far from improbable—ever fill the chair of Peter, American pligrims to Remarks.

Short Bird Stories.

A pigeon lit on the minute hand of the Liberty, Me., Court Bouse clock and retained its position until time has brought the hand up almost perpendicular, when it saled on; in the sunlight.

sailed only in the similght.

Farmers about the Sacramente valley are compelled to paralle their wheat fields to provent the wild geose from destroying them. The geese come in thousands and will completely cover a fifty-acre let at one time. From the same egg were hatched is pair of twin recesters that never quarrelor light, and that flap their wings and crow simultaneously. They recet side by side, but one is hinck in feather while the other is seminique. They belong to hand loarpener of Summarville, Ga.

Misteria Women From the Woman's World.

Yes, they have lived! those women whose great names Are graven deep on the world's history: Strong, splendid souls that chafed at human

wrong.

And tryanny and servile servitude,
And bonds that strangle nations to the death;
Bo flung their lives down with a passionate

So flung their lives down with a passionate waste.

As incense upon altar sacrifice.
For glory, country, love, or some great cause;
For a whole people merged in nationhood,
Or one, more loved than nations or the world.
Annihilating even womanhood,
With all its soft tears and compassionate grace
When heaven had need of here hands to strike
For vengeance, people's rights, or liberty.
And who dares judge these women, God possessed.

with deep prophetic eyes, on whom was laid
The mission to avenge? Strength from the
Lord
Was given them. Their words had miestess

power,
Their deeds, though red with crimson cruelties,
Had yet the deep significance of justice.
And taught the world by many a dreadful sign
That sin must be struck down with resolute E'en though it wear a monarch's mighty crows. Or feast with us at purple festivals. Or plead for shelter in our very tent,

Or plead for shelter in our very tent.

See Mirlam clashing cymbals in the dawn
For bondage broken and a people freed.
While Pharaoh's hosts are drowning at her feet.
'I'lli up through glidel folds of morning clouds,
By desert temples and by yellow seas.
Loud hymns of freedom echoed back her words,
And the grand rhythm of the march of men!
Thus, 'mid the clustering paims by Ramah's
well

Thus, 'mid the clustering paims by Raiman's well
Arose great Deborah's tragic song of scorn;
While Jaci stood by fallen Sisera,
Fearful to see, the hammer in her hand,
Even as she smote him sleeping in her tent;
The awul inspiration still upon her
Of that flerce deed by which "the land had
rest"—
And loveliness that dazed men's eyes to see,
With jewels twined amid her parlumed hair,
Passed like a glorious vision through the gate
Of sad Bethulla to the Assyrian's tent,
And slew him with her beauty ere she took
The glittering falchion from the golden bed
And freed her people by one mighty stroke.

And freed her people by one mighty stroks.

This must at least be granted to the sex.

That woman is no coward fronting fate.

Sublime in love, in suffering, in death.

She treads all terrors down with calm disdain,

As stars tread out the blackness of the sky.

In silent grandeur. Such the Roman wife

Who drew the darger from the husband's hand

And stabbed herself, to teach him how to die;

Then, smilling, said: "It is not painful, Postus;"

Such the proud queen, who would have flung

away

A kingdom for her lover, like a pearl.
Yet scorned to wear the victor's gilded chain.
Or trail her royal robes in Roman streets.
So, from the asp took swift and sudden death.
Self-slain, in all her splendor like a queen.
With Egypt's crown still resting on her brow.

With Egypt's crown still resting on her brow.

For strength is in the woman's pilant nature As iron in the bending grasses. We trace it plain.

Through all her sad, vain, feeble outward life, Like steadfast threads of gold in gossamer. And never failed the race in heroines When God had need of martyrs, or the world Of ministrants to pour the wine of life For the pale athletes weary with the toll, And fainting in the dust of the arena. Through Fagan, Christian, feudal, modern times

The woman is the synonyme for courage; From Artemisia to the Orleans maid, Whose pyre was lighted with her victor palms; Or her who stabbed the tyrant in his bath For love of France, then bowed her fair young head

For love of France, then bowed her lair young head
Beneath the guillotine—content to die.
So Marat's yoke was lifted from the land;
Or Roland's wife, who stood amid the storm
Of surging passions sweeping down the throne,
Calm as that sculptured goddess, on whose brow
The whiriwind drives the drifting Libyan

The wintiwind drives the driving Libyan sands.
We see her yet! Her proud pale features lit With glory of such dreams as Plato loved, Strewing red rose leaves on the wine cup drained
That last night with the fated Girondins; Still true to freedom, holding it absoived From all the descerating crimes of man; Still to the last invoking libery, Een on the blood-stained scaffold as she died, The martry Priestess of the Revolution.
But there are gentler memories of Women. But there are gentler memories of Women.
Let us take up the bead-roll reverently,
As holy hands count resaries with prayer
Of those whose influence on giorious minds
Have made their own names glorious ever-

Shining in splendor on the poet's page Like bright initial letters on a scroil Made consecrate by saints; or some fair bor-dering Woven of shimmaring lights like powdered

Made consecrate by saints; or some har bordering
Woven of shimmering lights like powdered
gems
On dark, discolored leaves of human life.
Vittoria Colonna's marble brow
Still bears serenely as a Phidian muse
The laurel wreath of Michael Angelo;
Petrarea's crown is laid at Laura's feet;
While Leonora by that trembling kiss
On Tasso's lips one gentle summer day
In the Duke's garden, as he read to her
His own great story of Christ's sepulchre,
Has bound the noc's soul with her's lorever,
And radiant Bestrice with starry eyes
Guiding great Dante up from Heil to Heaven,
Until he reached the glory of the Throne,
And saw the circling saints in their white stoles. Stands yet within the overlasting light,

And still are with us women who can guide The souls of men to caim, clear heavenly

heights.
Where clouds and mists roll down beneath the feet.
Heroic hearts are near, deep spirit-eyes Heroic hearts are near, deep spirit-eyes
Gleam on us in the darkness of our lives
As on the shepherds in the midnight gleamed
The star that lit them to the feet of Christ;
The race can never die. Still on our ears
The clear "Excelsior" from a woman's lips
Rings out across the Apennines, although
The woman's brow lies pale and cold in death
With all the mighty marble dead in Florence.
For while great songs can stir the hearts of
men.
Spreading their full vibrations through the

world
In ever-widening circles till they reach
The throne of God, and song becomes

In ever-widening circles till they reach
The throne of God, and song becomes a
prayer
And prayer brings down the liberating strength
That kindles nations to heroic deeds—
She lives, the great soul noctess who saw
From Casa Guidi windows Freedom dawn
On Italy, and gave the glory back
In sunrise hymns for all humanity!
And homage must we give to her who wears,
With the calm grace of God's anointed Queen,
The diad on of kingdoms on her brow,
Supreme above all women—Empress Queen
Of countiess millions and of half the globe,
Yet blending with her royal majesty.
The soft sweet music of a woman's life
Gentle, while all her armies shake the earth.
And seas and oceans bear her lion flag;
Strong, with the sacred reverence for truth.
Steadfast for right and loyal to her land
Through storm and sunshine, splendor, gloom,
and tears.
For no unworthy act has ever marred
The holy consecration to the vow
Her child lips uttered in that solemn hour
When, crowned with sovereignty, she took her
place
Amid the scentered monarchs of the world.

Amid the sceptered monarche of the world.
And others, great as heroines of old,
Still breaths our common air. Do we not see
Imperial, beautiful, and gifted women
Reigning by right divine of womanhood,
By angel goodness, or by queenly grace,
Claiming instinctive homage from the crowd?
Some sybil with her shadowed, mystic eyes,
Seems fresh from commune with Divinity;
Or some sweet Sappho with her passionate inte
Wakes the deep inner music of the acart.
Others recall the glory of the Greek
Who ruled with the Olympian Fericles,
And, with Aspasia's genius-given power,
They gather around them in a zone of light
Poets and enges and philosophers.
Golden-menti orators, and all whose souls
Burn with the proud ambition to be great.
And some bear high above the people's heads
The starry orifiamme of nationhood,
Chanting their solemn songs of Faith and
Hope.
Till all the masses tremble as the leaves
Of forests when a tropic sweeps by,
While from the Pythlan passion of their eyes
Flow mighty inspirations, such as fired
The souls of Greets—made heroes when they
gazed
On great Athens of the Parthenon.
But above all creation woman stands Amid the sceptered monarchs of the world.

On great Athens of the Parthenon.

But above all creation woman stands
Sublimely consecrated by His will
Who chose the maiden mother of the Christ
To manifest the full Divinity:
And placed the glorious nieroglyph on high
Of the crowned women by the throne of God,
Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her
feet.
And on her brow a coronal of stars,
Some lessons from the far Infinity
Is shrined within this everlasting sign,
Teaching, perhaps, to all in earth and heaven
That far above all might of intellect,
All thrones, dominions, kinsdoms, grades, and

That far above all might of intellect.
All thrones, dominions, kingdoms, grades, and power.
Of angels with the trumpets and the seals.
The moral nature symbolized by woman.
Is nearest God's similitude, and shows
The soul's divinest excellence of beauty.
And still the true divine is born of woman;
Still, as of eld, she kisses wounded feet,
Cleansing the earth stains with her pitying tears;
Still pours sweet spikenard upon weary brows;
Still stands beside the cross to wespand uray
Through the deep gloom of crucinxion hours;
Still watches by the sepulchre to greet.
With tender, trustful, radiant words of love,
The uprisen soul that casts its grave clothes by and springs to freedom from the bonds of ain.
Priestess and victress through the world's dark ways.

The torch of love in her uplifted hand, woman still guides Humility, and best Fulfils the woman's mission when she tends The sacred fires of Glory, Faith, and Truth In human hearts, true helpmate for the man, when, with a holy pardoning, saintly zeal, She draws the erring nature back to God With bands of love. Still pleading for the Right In words that weep and tears that speak like prayers:

In words that we prayers:

The guiding angel of a darkened world
Whose only light can come from Faith and Love.

LADY WILDS. Husband and Heathen.

From the Fankes Blade. O'er the men of Ethiopia she would pour her corns or the mean of samples are would pour her corns.

And shower wealth and plenty on the people of Japan.
Send down jelly cake and candles to the Indians of
the Andes.
And a cargo of plum pudding to the mea of Hindostan;
And she said she loved 'em so,
Bushman, Finn, and Eskimo,
If she had the wings of cagles to their succor she would
the.

by insided down with jam and jelly, Buccotash and vermicell, Buccotash and vermicell, Frunes, pomeranates, plums, and pudding, peaches, pineapples, and pla. She would fly with speedy succor to the natives of Me-

with whole loads of quall and samon, and with tons of fricasses cales in fullest measure. To the men of Australasia.

And all the Archipelagoes that do the Southern Seal And the Anthropophagi.

All their lives deprived of pla.

She would satiste and satisfy with custard, gream, and mice:

mince:
And those miserable Australians,
And the Sorrioborighalians,
She would grege with choicest jelly, raspberry, current
grape, and quince.

But, like old war time hardtackers, her poor husband lived on crackers Bought at wholesals from a baker, eaten from the mantal sheft.

If the men of Madagascar, And the natives of Alaska, Had enough to sate their hunger, let him look out for himself.

And his coat had but one tall, And he used a shingte noil to his work; And she used to spend his money To buy sugar plums and honey.

For the Terra del Fuertan and the Turcoman and Turk.

From Std-Bits. The beauteons night fell o'er us like a miss. Through which saw the glory of her eyec— Unspoken pain within their sombre depths. Like stormy seas sleeping 'neath stormy skies. By stars unbissed.

I saw the clustered brightness of her hair, A red-gold halo round her wearied face. Where one could read, in dreamy lips and eyes, That sorrow's hand had left its blighting trace Forever there.

I pleaded of my love, but all in vain; the only gased into the dim afar, A hunted look within her dusky eyes, Fixed on the swift, bright falling of a stan, In silent pain. "Tell me," I cried, while lowly at her feet,
I told the longing of my throbbing hears;
"What is this cloud that o'er your young life leams?
Can I of its deep angulab bear no park,
No burden awest?"

the spoke no word to ma but drew her hood Of himy lace from off her red gold hair, and pointed, with a white and shuddering hand, Across the gray and dusky dark to where Across the gray and dusky dark to where

Before the Rais. From Harper's Houthly Trom Harper's Honday.

The blackcap- pipe among the reeda,
And there'll be rain to follow;
There is a murmur as of wind
In every coign and hollow;
The wrent do chatter of their fears
While swinging on the barley ears.

Come, hurry, while there yet is time, Pull up thy scarlet bonnet. Now, sweetheart, as my love is thine, There is a drop upon it. So trip it ere the storm hag weird Doth pluck the barley by the board.

Lo! not a whit too soon we're housed;
The storm witch vells above us: The storm witch yells above us;
The branches rapping on the panes
Reem not in train to love us.
And look where through the clover bush
The nimble-footed rain doth rush! AMBLIE RIVES

The Sons of the Feel. From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Within my sanctum sough etc.
And watch the world go round and round;
high is dry my pen is split.
If paste and scissors can't be found.

Ah! joy for me, my work is dropped, For who can work without his tools? But money is not good for fools.

So foolish here I sit and dream

With sweat and struggle, toll and pain, From dawn of day to set of sun. With just of power and greed of gain, With battles lost and victories won.

With hate and fear and bitter strife, With treacherous flow and angry wound, White I, the food in happing the Just watch the world go round and round. A Winter Day Dream.

From the Boston Courier.
Upon a flowery bank I lie
And watch the symilows salling by
bwift winged along the river's brinks
The rooter's clarion shrill and clear,
Bayond the wooded full and near
The carol of the bobolink.

The far off islets, creeks, and bays Lie shimmering in the golden haze Beneath a blue and clondlessky. I gaze around me and admirs. The sunbeams gild a distant spire.

I see the mower leave the field To seek the shade the branches yield, While his perspiring brow he wipas But now the vision fades away; I hear a voice half aners any, John, will that pumber come to day To thaw those frozen water pipes!

A Vision.

From Babyhood. Perchance my thought was wide awake, Or I was dreaming, may be, &I sat rocking to and fro. My arms around my baby. I feit along my check and threas. Her rosy fingers playing. And stooped to kiss the sunny curis about her forehead straying.

The feolish rhymes of Mother Goose in time and tune came springing. To lips not made for cong: and yet My children like my singing. And as I sang a myatic spell. Changed all the world completely, Another woman singing sat, And rocked her buby sweetly.

The woman's face, a look it wore like mune; and yet the rather Twas like my haby's larger grown. Twas like my baby's fasher. And as she swaying softly sang. I haw some tear drops falling:

I knew her thought, I knew her heart, lier heart to muther calling.

A midden passion filled my soul.
I longed to southe the weeping:
My baby stirred upon my breast,
My baby gently sleeping!
The vision fiel, yet well I know,
Though I was dreaming, may be
Far down the future sits my child
And rocks my baby's baby. Mrs. Groups Ancersals.

En Houte Toward Gettysburg From Col. Aylett, who were the gray, We get the facts we here array: Lee's invaders were on their way. Passing a Pennsylvania town, Greencastie, a modest village brown, Women look out with foar and frown

One the Old Flag as an apron wore; Waved it with pride as she stood by her door. While the soldiers in gray marched past foetsers Daring these men-brothers, alast-

To touch the flag, this handsome lass Tries to annoy them as they pass. Her pluck and loyalty have charmag Pickett salutes her, no one harms, And one marching regiment carries arms

Many salute her with a sigh, Thinking of home with moistoned eye, As on toward Gettysburg they his. Sarah Smith was the name that she bore When Gettysburg shook with the battle's roar. On Fame's fair page put her name to the fore! EDWARD S. CREMER.

lave you heard of Mistress Whitby ! 'Mong the ladies of the land Who have beauty, youth, and fortune she was born to take her stand.

She is comely, she is graceful; she is debonair and tall; and her great-grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall.

Mistress Whitby lives sectuded. You would scarcely think that she.
With her simple country manners, had a noble pedigree.
Bhe is never seen in public, at reception, or at ball;
Yet her great grandfather's portrait hangs in Independence Hall. Four great-grandfather, reader, with the bravest,

maybe, fought the war for independence, and, unlucky dog, was abot; fought, while Mintress Whitby's enly talked, yet,

SPIRITUAL SPECULATION

On the Great and Misty Question Whether Ghosts Have Really Been Seen.

From the Cosmopolitica.
Few subjects tax more stringently what may be called the scientific conscience than the

natter of apparitions: The student of science recognizes two clear duties in all scientific inquiries. In the first place he must strive to see things as they are; and in the second he must speak of them as he sees them. Against strict obedience to the first duty prejudices of all sorts, shapes, and sizes often oppose themselves; but when he has resisted the temptations thus soliciting him to careless or skeptical or unfair inquiry, he is often still harder beset by the temptation to conceal views that he thinks may injure him either among fellow workers in science or in the lay world.

In regard to ghosts and goblins science has

In regard to gnosts and gobiles sciences has traveled along smoothly enough so long as apparitions of particular classes have been in question. The whole surject of hallucinations has been explored by science so thoroughly vision as one now is perpiexed by stories of visions one now is perpiexed by stories of vision and the perpendicular of th should the minesy marked, night by price railing to the properties of the properties

knows what cricket is that he was zealous in open air games, since nothing but constant practice will enable any one to keep wicket successfully. The following narrative is in his own words:

"I was at Cambridge, in full health, boating, football playing, and the like, and by no means subject to hallhedinations or morbid fancies. One evening I fell extremely Ill, trembling, with no apparent cause whatever, nor did it seem It was frightened. I was totally on the seem It was frightened. I was totally on the seem It was frightened. I was totally on the seem of the se

worth trying is that on which Prof. Barrett and others have attempted to advance inquiry, namely, as to the influence of mind on mind under test conditions. And, unfortunately, while this path is infested by charlatanism and trickery, what has been thus far disclosed with more or less clearness in this direction has been of little promise. Like Sir Issac Newton's experiments on the action of gravity under test conditions, which gave evidence only as to the nature of the attractive force exerted by matter on matter, but in no sense explained how matter can set on matter instantly over vast distances, so these experiments on the action of mind on mind within the same room, though useful as indicating the nature of this action of mind on mind within the same room, though useful as indicating the nature of this action surgest no explanation whatsoever of the observed fact that mind can act on mind at a distance, and apparently in an instant of time.

In fine, it appears to me that the evidence regarding the communication of impressions from mind to mind over great distances, in such sort that apparitions of distant persons dving or suffering seem to be seen by their friends or relatives, is too strong to be rejected by any conscientious students of facts. Science is no more justified in rejecting this evidence merely because no explanation is available than astronomers would be justified in rejecting the observed fact that bodies influence other bodies from a distance, merely because, as Newton himself admitted, no one can explain how matter can act where it is not. Some communication there must be between sun and planet, between planet and satellite, and beyond each solar system between sun and sun and between galaxy and galaxy; but no one has yet shown what that communication may be. In like manner, even the most cautious student of science may well believe that there may be some means of communication, under special conditions, between fun and mind at a distance, though no one may be able to explain how such com

R. A. PROOTOR.

GRAVE ROBBING.

The Experiences of an Old and Well-Knows Choul-The Secrets of the Profession.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Old Ben Knott, the grave robber, now an old. gray-haired. villainous-looking man. with long, silvery locks dark with dirt, and which hang down over a greasy coat collar, and sharp black eyes that flash out from under high, beetling brows and shage; fron-gray eyebrows, sat smoking an old cay pipe on a low stool before a little cannon stove in his room in a tumbledown, rickety shanty near the foot of Price Hill. The wind was whistling outside.

come from the opening of the grave. It sounded like a continuous death rattle. It started and looked at my partner; he looked at me. He was as white as a gloot and trembled like a leaf, while his eyes glared forth and were ready to pop out of his head. I dunno, but I suppose I must have looked the same way; at least he said as some time afterward. Neither of us spoke. Still the rattling kept on like a buzz and whiri. I was almost paralyzed with fear and misgivings. I looked at the hole, and expected to see a thousand devils with their flery toncues, snearing faces. hoofs, and the hole, and except hing seemed of the hole, and except hing seemed of the hole, and except hing seemed of the partner of the partner started on the dead run. I followed, when from beind one of the grave stones loomed up the form of a man who was standing watch. He took aim, and the builter from his rifle took effect in my leg. I felt the blood coursing down inside my stocking, but managed to reach the wagon where my partner pulled he is and drove quickly to my house. The doctor whom I was a standing watch the excitorant and fright threw me into a fever, and I was haid up for a long time. When I rot well I learned that the family had attached some sort of a clock to the coffin, which warned parties who had been hirsd to watch the grave, and when we touched the lead of the coffin we set the machinery in motion, and by the light of the lightning the sentinel got onto to us and fired at random, hitting me. You can bet I never brought any suit for damages."

Did you ever find any jowels?

Did you ever find any jowels?

This you ever find any jowels?

The provide the sentine of the common and trept in any suit for damages.

The man and the sentinel got on the term of the provide any suit of the lightning the sentine sentine sentin

WOMAN IN PROVERES. Row Her Influence has Made Itself Felt in the Utterances of Philosophers, From the London Standard The proverbs of most countries are rich in The proverbs of most countries are rich in all subjects relating to woman, although frequently they are far from compilmentary. Indeed, it is curious that in some sources of likerature we should find so much fil-natured caracasm—oftentimes as unjust as it is untrue. On the other hand, many of the traits of woman's character are very cleverly and apily depicted, and occasionally put man in an inferior light. Thus the strength of her influence is indisputable, and has given rise to a host of old proverba. "Wifatever a woman will, she can," a saying which has its equivalent in other countries. Hence, too, we are warned how:

The man's a feel who thinks by force or skill to stem the torrent of a weman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't, and if she won't, she will, you may depend on't.

And if she won't, she will, you may depend on the comand if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

Within the lines may be compared the common maxim. "A woman cenvinced against her will is of the same opinion still." Whether it be called obstinacy or not, there can be no doubt that a strong will on the part of a woman is no unenviable characteristic; being one. also, which is invaluable to men when engaged in the business of life. The notion that a woman acannot keep a secret is embedied in many a proverb, and is alluded to by Shakespeare, who makes Hotspur say to his wife in "Heary IV."

proverb, and is alluded to by Shakespeare, who makes Holspur say to his wife in "Heary IV."

Constant you are But yet a woman, and fer secrecy No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt not utter what thou don not know. And so far will it rust thes, genile Rate.

Accordingly, there is a familiar proverb. "A woman conceals what she does not know." Similarly the Spanish are wont to say, "To woman and a magple toll what you would speak in the market place." But this, it must be admitted, is an unfair reproach, a woman being as expable of keeping a secret as one of her opposite sex. Indeed, as Mr. Kelly remarks in his book on proverbs. If there be truth in proverbs, men have no right to reproach women for blabbing. A woman can at least keep her own secret. Try her on the subject of her age." The industry of women has long ago been proverbial, as in the coulect:

The woman that's honest, her chiefest delight is still to be doing from morning till right.

With which we may compare the common maxim, "A woman's work is never at an end. On the other hand, it was formerly said of the woman who, after being a busy, industrious maid, became an indolent wife. "She hath broken an elbew at the church door," the ceremony of the church porch—where often times part of the marriage was performed—having disabled her for domestic duties. Thus another ladge affirmed how

The wife that expects to have a good name is always at home, as if she were lame.

way," the meaning, of course, being that women are apt to be negligent housekeepers in proportion as they value their personal attractions. Then there is the popular proverby which says that "Joan is its good as my lady in the dark." for, as an ancient Latin saying reminds us, "Bemishes are unseen by night. Whether we agree with this statement or not, yet, as Mr. Kelly remarks, quoting the lines:

The night

Showsstars and women in a better light.

which may be compared with the French hyper-bole. "By candle light a goat looks a lady." Once more, while a dark complexion betokened pride, and height isdicated laziness, small women, writes Jeaffreson, were remarkable for their noisiness and beauties for their lack of discretion. Hence it is said:

Pair and feelish, black and proud, Long and lazy, little and loud. then same author further adds, that "it is something to the credit of the proverb-making cynics, who spoke thus bitterly of handsome women, that they refrained from assailing the ugiy ones. Striking the women whom nature had provided with armor and legions of defenders, they spared the less fortunate of the fair sex." Lastly, there are many proverbs warning men of the danger of bad women:

A wicked woman and an evil.
At three-halfpence worse than the devil. At three-haifpense worse than the devil.

Hence numerous admonitions are given relating to marriage, one of which tells us that a man's best fortune, or his worst, is his wife. Similarly, Lord Burleigh says to his son: "Use great prudence and circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all thy future good or svil; and it is an action of life like unto a strategem of war, wherein a man can err but once." Once more, Sir John Moore, the famous Chanceller's lather, compared marrimony to a bag containing a hundred snakes and one sed, and says: "If a man should put his hand into this bag he may chance to light on the ed, but it is an hundred to one he shall be stung by the snake." But Martin Luther had a better opinion of women when he said:

He who loves not women, wine, and song.

He who loves not women, wine, and song, He is a fool his whole life long. A piece of proverbial lore with which most men will agree in spite of the many hard sayings se ungallantly uttered against the fair sex.

From the Review

After church—Spogga—Was it not disgracetul, the way in which Smigrs snoved in church to-day?

Stugge—I should think it was Why, he woke us all up.



burn or blister, but sectine and substitute while curing.

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Pains.

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